

The Lady of the Mount

by FREDERIC S. ISNAM
AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS," "UNDER THE ROSE," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY THE BOBBY-MERRILL CO.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Mountebank and the Hunchback. Up the Mount with shambling step, head down-bent and the same stupid expression on his face, the mountebank went docilely, though not silently. To one of the soldiers at his side he spoke often, voicing that dull apprehension he had manifested when first ordered into custody.

"Do you think they'll put me in a dungeon?"

"Dungeon, indeed!" the man answered not ill-naturedly. "For such as you! No, no! They'll keep the oubliettes, calottes, and all the dark holes for people of consequence—traitors, or your fine gentry consigned by lettres de cachet."

"Then what do you think they will do with me?"

"Wait, and find out!" returned the soldier roughly, and the mountebank spoke no more for some time; held his head lower, until, regarding him, his guardian must needs laugh.

"Here's a craven-hearted fellow! Well, if you really want to know, they'll probably lock you up for the night with the rest of rag-tag," indicating the other prisoners, a short distance ahead, "in the cellar, or almonry, or auberge des voleurs; and in the morning, if you're lucky and the Governor has time to attend to such as you, it may be you'll escape with a few stripes and a warning."

"The auberge des voleurs!—the thieves' inn!" said the man. "What is that?"

"Bah! You want to know too much! If now your legs only moved as fast as your tongue—" And the speaker completed the sentence with a significant jog on the other's shoulders. Whereupon the mountebank quickened his footsteps, once more ceased his questioning. It was the soldier who had not yet spoken, but who had been pondering a good deal on the way up, who next broke the silence.

"How did it end, Monsieur Mountebank?—the scene with the devil, I mean."

The man who had begun to breathe hard, as one not accustomed to climbing, or wearied by a long pilgrimage to the Mount, at the question ventured to stop and rest, with a hand on the granite balustrade of the little platform they had just reached. "In the death of the peasant, and a comic chorus of frogs," he answered.

"A comic chorus!" said the soldier. "That must be very amusing."

"It is," the mountebank said, at the same time studying, from where he stood, different parts of the Mount with cautious, sideling looks; "but my poor frogs!—all torn! trampled!"

"Well, well!" said the other not unkindly. "You can mend them when you get out."

"When! If I only knew when that would be! What if I should have to stay here like some of the others—pour être oublié—to be forgotten?"

"If you don't get on faster," said the soldier who had first spoken, "you won't be buried alive for some time to come, at least!"

"Pardon!" muttered the mountebank. "The hill—it is very steep."

"You look strong enough to climb a dozen hills, and if you're holding back for a chance to escape—"

"No, no!" protested the man. "I had no thought—I do not know that if I tried, your sword—"

"Quite right, I'd—"

"There, there!" said the other soldier, a big, good-natured appearing fellow. "He's harmless enough, and, as once more they moved on, 'that tune of yours, Monsieur Mountebank,' abruptly; 'It runs in my head. Let me see—how does it go? The second verse, I mean—'

"Beat! beat! Mid marsh-muck and mire, For if any note Escapes a frog's throat, Beware my lord's ire!"

"Yes; that's the one. Not bad!" humming—

"For if any note Escapes a frog's throat, Beware my lord's ire!"

"Are the verses your own?"

"Oh, no! I'm only a poor player," said the mountebank humbly. "But an honest one," he added after a pause, "and this thieves' inn, Monsieur?" returning to the subject of his possible fate, "this auberge des voleurs—that sounds like a bad place for an honest lodging."

"It was once under the old monks, who were very merry fellows; but since the Governor had it restored, it has become a sober and quiet place. It is true there are iron bars instead of blinds, and you can't come and go, as they used to, but—"

"Is that it—up there?" And the mountebank pointed toward a ledge of rock, with strong flanking buttresses, outlying beneath a mysterious-looking wall and poised over a sparsely-wooded bit of the lower Mount. "The gray stone building you can just see above the ramparts, and that opening in the cliff to the right, with something running down—that looks like planking—"

"Oh, that is for the wheel—"

"The wheel?"

"The great wheel of the Mount! It was built in the time of the monks, and was used for—"

"Tread your tongue!" said the other soldier, and the trio entered the great gate, which had opened at their approach, and now closed quickly behind them.

For the first time in that isolated domain of the dreaded Governor, the mountebank appeared momentarily to forget his fears and gazed with interest around him. On every side new and varying details unfolded to the eye; structures that from below were etched against the sky in filmy lines, here resolved themselves into vast, solid, but harmonious masses.

Those ribbons of color that had seemed to fall from the wooling sky, to adorn these heights, proved, indeed, fallacious; more sober effects, the black touches of age, confronted the eye everywhere, save on one favored front—that of a newer period, an architectural addition whose intricate carvings and beautiful roses of stone invited and caught the warmer rays; whose little balcony held real buds and flowers, bright spots of pink dangling from, or nestling at, the window's edge.

"Tonder looks like some grand lady's bower," as he followed his captors past this more attractive edifice, the mountebank ventured to observe.

"Now, perhaps, lives there—"

"Hark you, my friend," one of the soldiers brusquely interrupted; "a piece of advice. His Excellency likes not babblers, neither does he countenance gossip; and if you'd faro well, keep your tongue to yourself!"

"I'll—I'll try to remember," said the mountebank docilely, but as he spoke, looked back toward the balcony; at the gleaming reflection full on its windows; then a turn in the way cut off the pleasing prospect, and only the grim foundations of the lofty, heavier structure on one hand and the massive masonry ramparts on the other greeted the eye.

For some distance they continued along the narrow way, the mountebank bending lower under his load and observing the injunction put upon him, until the path, broadening, led them abruptly on to a platform where a stone house of ancient construction barred their further progress. But two stories in height, this building, an alien edifice amid loftier piles, stood sturdily perched on a precipitous cliff. The rough stonework of its front, darkened by time, made it seem almost a part of the granite itself, although the roof, partly demolished and restored, imparted to it an anomalous distinctness, the bright new tile prominent as patches on some dilapidated garment. In its doorway, beneath a monkish inscription, well-nigh obliterated, stood a dwarf, or hunchback, who, jingling a bunch of great keys, ill-humoredly regarded the approaching trio.

"What now?" The little man's welcome, as mountebank and soldiers came within earshot, was not reassuring. "Isn't it enough to make prisoners of all the scamps in Christendom without taking vagabond players into custody?"

"Orders, good Jacques!" said one of the soldiers in a conciliatory tone. "The commandant's!"

"The commandant!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. 'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mountebank followed.

"The commandant's!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. 'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mountebank followed.

"The commandant's!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. 'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mountebank followed.

"The commandant's!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. 'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mountebank followed.

"The commandant's!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. 'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mountebank followed.

"The commandant's!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. 'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to take care of him!" muttered the dwarf. "In the thieves' inn there's always room for one more!" Obeying the gesture, at once menacing and imperious, that accompanied these words, the mountebank followed.

"The commandant's!" grumbled the grotesque fellow. "It is all very well, mimicking. 'Turn them over to Jacques. He'll find room.' If this keeps on, we'll soon have to make cages of confessionals, or turn the wine-butts in the old cellar into oubliettes."

"If any of our ancient flavor lingers in the casks, your guests would have little reason to complain!" returned the other soldier. "But this fellow, he'll make no trouble—"

place—"he began, when the maledictions and abuse of the misshapen keeper put a stop to further conversation and sent the mountebank post-haste into the darkness of the cavern-like hall intersecting the ground floor.

On either side closed doors, vaguely discerned, hinted at the secrets of the chambers they guarded; the atmosphere, dark and close, proclaimed the sunlight long a stranger there. At the end of the hall the dwarf, who had walked with the assurance of one well acquainted with that musty interior and all it contained, paused; shot sharply a bolt and threw open a door. The action was the signal for a chorus of hoarse voices from within, and the little man stayed not on the order of his going, but, thrusting the mountebank across the threshold, leaped nimbly back, slammed hard the door, and locked it.

Cries of disappointment and rage followed, and, facing the company that crowded the dingy little room almost to suffocation, the latest comer found himself confronted by unkempt people who shook their fists threateningly and execrated in no uncertain manner. A few, formerly spectators of his little play, inclined again to vent their humor on him, but he regarded them as if unaware of their feeling; pushed none too gently to a tiny window, and, depositing his burden on the stone floor, seated himself on a stool with his back to the wall.

As a equally soon blows itself out, so their temper, mercurial, did not long endure; from a ragged coat one produced dice, another cards, and, although there were few sows to exchange hands, the hazard of tossing and shuffling exercised its usual charm and held them.

The minutes wore away; motionless in his corner, the mountebank now watched; then with his head on his elbow, seemed sunk in thought. Once he rose; stood on his stool and looked out between the heavy bars of the narrow window.

"Not much chance to get out that way," observed a fellow prisoner. "What did you see?"

"Only a chasm in the sands."

"The sands!" said the man. "Cursed the day I set foot on them!"

To this malediction the other did not answer; stepped down and, again seated in his corner, waited, while the light that had grudgingly entered the narrow aperture grew fainter. With the growing darkness the atmosphere seemed to become closer, more foul; but although he breathed with difficulty, the mountebank suffered no sign of impatience or concern to escape him; only more alertly looked and listened—to a night bird cleaving the air without; to muttered sounds, thieves' ploys, or snatches of ribald mirth within; and, ere long, to new complainings.

"Our supper! What of our supper?"

"The foul fiend take the auberge des voleurs and its landlord!"

"Vrai dieu! Here he comes!" as the footsteps were heard without.

And the door, opening, revealed, indeed, in the rushlight, now dimly illuminating the hall, the hunchback, not laden, however, with the longed-for creature comforts, but empty-handed; at his back the commandant and a number of soldiers.

"You fellow with the dolls!" Blinking in the glare of the torches, the dwarf peered in. "Where are you? Come along!" as the mountebank rose, "you are wanted."

"Wanted?" repeated the player, stepping forward. "Where?"

"At the palace," said the commandant.

"The palace!" stopping short. "Who can want me there?"

"Who?" The dwarf made a grimace. "Who?" he repeated mockingly.

"Her ladyship," said the commandant, with a reproving glance at the jailer.

"Her ladyship!"

"Haven't you ears, my man?" The commandant frowned and made an impatient gesture. "Come, besit yourself! The Governor's daughter has commanded your presence."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Mountebank and My Lady. "The Governor's daughter!" Had the light been stronger they must have seen the start the mountebank gave. "Impossible!"

"Eh? What?" Surprised in turn, the officer gazed at him. "You dare—out with him!" To the soldiers.

But in a moment had the mountebank recovered his old demeanor, and, without waiting for the troopers to obey the commandant's order, walked voluntarily toward the door and into the passage.

"Our supper! Our supper!" A number of the prisoners, crowding forward, began once more to call lustily, when again was the disk-studded woodwork swung unceremoniously to, cutting short the sound of their lamentations.

"Dogs!" Malevolently the dwarf gazed back. "To want to gorge themselves on a holy day!"

"Pious Jacques!" murmured the commandant. "But I always said you made a model landlord!"

"When not interfered with!" grumbled the other.

"At any rate he doesn't seem to appreciate his good fortune," with a glance at the mountebank.

"No," jeering. "A gallant cavalier to step blithely at a great lady's command! 'Your Ladyship overwhelms me!' bowing grotesquely. 'Your Ladyship's condescension—'

"Why, then, need you take me?" interposed the mountebank quickly. "Can you not tell her ladyship I am not fit to appear in her presence—an uncouth clown—"

"Bah! I've already done that," answered the commandant.

"But how came her ladyship to

know of me—here?"

"How indeed?"

"And what does she want of me?"

"That," roughly, "you will find out!" and stepped down the hall, followed by the soldiers, mountebank and dwarf, the last of whom took leave of them at the door.

Clear was the night; the stars, like liquid drops about to fall, caressed with silvery rays the granite piles. In contrast to the noisome atmosphere of the prison, faint perfumes, borne from some flowery slope of the distant shore, swept languorously in and out the open aisles and passages of the Mount. In such an hour that upper region seemed to belong entirely to the sky; to partake of its wondrous stillness; to share its mysteries and its secrets. Like intruders, penetrating an enchanted spot, now they trod soft shadows; then, clangorous, beat beneath foot delicate laceworks of light.

"Here we are!" The officer stopped. At the same time upon a nearby balcony a nightingale began to sing, tentatively, as if trying the scope and quality of its voice. "You are to go in!" he announced abruptly.

"Such a fine palace! I—I would rather not!" muttered the fellow, as they crossed an outer threshold and proceeded to mount some polished stairs.

"Stubborn dolt. Now in you march," pausing before a door. "But, hark you! I and my men remain without. So, mind your behavior, or—" A look from the commandant completed the sentence.

Alone, in an apartment of the palace, some moments later, the mountebank's demeanor underwent a quick change; he glanced hastily toward the door the commandant had closed in leaving, and then, with sudden brightening gaze, around him, as if making note of every detail of his surroundings. Set with columns of warm-hued marble, relieved with ornate carvings and designs, the spacious chamber presented an appearance at once graceful and charming. Nor

As a man who realizes he has betrayed himself, he bit his lips; but attempted no further subterfuge. The shambling figure straightened; the dull eyes grew steady; the bold self-possession she remembered well on another occasion again marked his bearing.

"Your Ladyship has discerning eyes," he remarked quietly, but as he spoke glanced and moved a little toward the window.

My lady stood as if dazed. He, the Black Seigneur, there, in the palace! Mechanically she raised her hand to her breast; she was very pale. On the balcony the nightingale, grown confident, burst into a flood of variations; a thousand trills and full-throated notes filled the room.

"I understand now," at length she found voice, "why that fancy came to me below, when I was listening to the play on the platform. But why have you come—to the very Mount itself?" Her voice trembled a little. "You! On the beach the people tried to stop you—"

"You saw that, too?"

"And you knew the play would make trouble! You wanted it to," quickly. "For what purpose? To get into the upper part of the Mount? To have them arrest—bring you here?" She looked at him with sudden terror. "My father! Was it to—"

A low, distinct rapping at the door she had entered, interrupted them. She started and looked fearfully around. At the same time the mountebank stepped back to the side of a great bronze in front of the balcony, where, standing in the shadow, he was screened.

"Eliot!" a voice called out. The flower the girl had been holding fell to the floor.

"My—" she began, when the door opened and the Governor stood on the threshold.

(To Be Continued.)

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's office of the Corporation Court of the City of Alexandria, on the 21st day of May, 1912.

PAUL C. HANSEN vs. WELTY O. HANSEN, in Chancery.

Memo. The object of this suit is to obtain for the plaintiff a divorce from and bond from the defendant upon the grounds of wilful desertion and abandonment; and when the said wilful desertion and abandonment has been for more than three years, then to obtain an absolute divorce, with the right to resume the plaintiff's maiden name.

It appearing by an affidavit filed in this cause that the defendant, Welty O. Hansen, is a non-resident of this State.

It is ordered, That said defendant appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interests in this suit, and that a copy of this order be inserted in the Alexandria Gazette, a newspaper published in the City of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this City.

SAMUEL G. BRENT, P. Q. A copy—Teste: NEVELL S. GREENAWAY, Clerk.

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's office of the Corporation Court of the City of Alexandria, on the 21st day of May, 1912.

GRACE ELIZABETH TAYLOR YERKES vs. ARTHUR WATTS YERKES, in Chancery.

Memo. The object of this suit is to obtain for the complainant, Grace Elizabeth Taylor Yerkes, an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony contracted by said defendant, Arthur Watts Yerkes; and for such further and general relief as to equity is right.

It appearing by an affidavit filed in this cause, that said defendant, Arthur Watts Yerkes, is a non-resident of this State.

It is ordered, That said defendant appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interests in this suit, and that a copy of this order be forthwith inserted in the Alexandria Gazette, a newspaper published in the City of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this City.

ROBINSON MONCURE, P. Q. A copy—Teste: NEVELL S. GREENAWAY, Clerk.

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's office of the Corporation Court of the City of Alexandria, on the 21st day of May, 1912.

GRACE ELIZABETH TAYLOR YERKES vs. ARTHUR WATTS YERKES, in Chancery.

Memo. The object of this suit is to obtain for the complainant, Grace Elizabeth Taylor Yerkes, an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony contracted by said defendant, Arthur Watts Yerkes; and for such further and general relief as to equity is right.

It appearing by an affidavit filed in this cause, that said defendant, Arthur Watts Yerkes, is a non-resident of this State.

It is ordered, That said defendant appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interests in this suit, and that a copy of this order be forthwith inserted in the Alexandria Gazette, a newspaper published in the City of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this City.

ROBINSON MONCURE, P. Q. A copy—Teste: NEVELL S. GREENAWAY, Clerk.

believe, apparently not knowing what to say, or if he was expected to say anything, while, for her part, the girl no longer looked at him, but at the flowers, taking one, which she turned in her fingers.

"Your Ladyship would command me—"

"To give the play no more!"

"But—" Expostulation shone from his look.

"In which event you shall be suffered to go free tomorrow."

"But my livelihood! What shall I do, if I am forbidden to earn—"

She gave him a colder look. "I have spoken to the commandant; told him what I had seen, and that I did not think you intended to make trouble. Your case will, therefore, not be reported to his Excellency. Only," with a warning flash, "if you are again caught giving the play, you must expect to receive your deserts."

"Of course! If your Ladyship commands!" dejectedly.

"I do! But, as an offset to the copers you might otherwise receive, I will give you a sum of money sufficient to compensate you."

"Your Ladyship is so generous!" He made an uncouth gesture of gratitude and covetousness. "May I ask your Ladyship how much—"

"How much?" scornfully. "But I suppose—"

The words died away; her glance fell; lingered on the hand he had extended. Muscular, shapely, it seemed not adapted to the servile gesture; was most unlike the hand of clod or clown. Moreover, it was marked with a number of wounds, half-healed, which caught and held her look.

"Of course, I am so poor, your Ladyship—" he began, in yet more abject tone, but stopped, attracted in turn by the direction of her gaze; then, meeting it, quickly withdrew the hand and thrust it into his pocket. Not in time, however, to prevent a startled light, a swift gleam of recollection from springing into her eyes! The very movement itself—ironically enough—was not without precedent.

"You!" She recoiled from him. "The Black—"

As a man who realizes he has betrayed himself, he bit his lips; but attempted no further subterfuge. The shambling figure straightened; the dull eyes grew steady; the bold self-possession she remembered well on another occasion again marked his bearing.

"Your Ladyship has discerning eyes," he remarked quietly, but as he spoke glanced and moved a little toward the window.

My lady stood as if dazed. He, the Black Seigneur, there, in the palace! Mechanically she raised her hand to her breast; she was very pale. On the balcony the nightingale, grown confident, burst into a flood of variations; a thousand trills and full-throated notes filled the room.

"I understand now," at length she found voice, "why that fancy came to me below, when I was listening to the play on the platform. But why have you come—to the very Mount itself?" Her voice trembled a little. "You! On the beach the people tried to stop you—"

"You saw that, too?"

"And you knew the play would make trouble! You wanted it to," quickly. "For what purpose? To get into the upper part of the Mount? To have them arrest—bring you here?" She looked at him with sudden terror. "My father! Was it to—"

A low, distinct rapping at the door she had entered, interrupted them. She started and looked fearfully around. At the same time the mountebank stepped back to the side of a great bronze in front of the balcony, where, standing in the shadow, he was screened.

"Eliot!" a voice called out. The flower the girl had been holding fell to the floor.

"My—" she began, when the door opened and the Governor stood on the threshold.

(To Be Continued.)

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's office of the Corporation Court of the City of Alexandria, on the 21st day of May, 1912.

PAUL C. HANSEN vs. WELTY O. HANSEN, in Chancery.

Memo. The object of this suit is to obtain for the plaintiff a divorce from and bond from the defendant upon the grounds of wilful desertion and abandonment; and when the said wilful desertion and abandonment has been for more than three years, then to obtain an absolute divorce, with the right to resume the plaintiff's maiden name.

It appearing by an affidavit filed in this cause that the defendant, Welty O. Hansen, is a non-resident of this State.

It is ordered, That said defendant appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interests in this suit, and that a copy of this order be inserted in the Alexandria Gazette, a newspaper published in the City of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this City.

SAMUEL G. BRENT, P. Q. A copy—Teste: NEVELL S. GREENAWAY, Clerk.

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's office of the Corporation Court of the City of Alexandria, on the 21st day of May, 1912.

GRACE ELIZABETH TAYLOR YERKES vs. ARTHUR WATTS YERKES, in Chancery.

Memo. The object of this suit is to obtain for the complainant, Grace Elizabeth Taylor Yerkes, an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony contracted by said defendant, Arthur Watts Yerkes; and for such further and general relief as to equity is right.

It appearing by an affidavit filed in this cause, that said defendant, Arthur Watts Yerkes, is a non-resident of this State.

It is ordered, That said defendant appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect her interests in this suit, and that a copy of this order be forthwith inserted in the Alexandria Gazette, a newspaper published in the City of Alexandria, once a week for four successive weeks, and posted at the front door of the Court House of this City.

ROBINSON MONCURE, P. Q. A copy—Teste: NEVELL S. GREENAWAY, Clerk.

VIRGINIA.

In the Clerk's office of the Corporation Court of the City of Alexandria, on the 21st day of May, 1912.

Give Your Laundress

An Electric Flat Iron

She will do much better work, and finish it so much more rapidly, that you will never go back to the old way again.

She begins work as soon as the switch is turned on, and is not continually wasting time in walking back and forth to the stove. There is no roaring fire to heat the entire house. The few cents spent for current is more than made up by the time saved for other work about the house.

The most careless person cannot injure an Electric Iron. It is too strongly built.

A phone call will bring it to you on fifteen days' trial.

Alexandria County Lighting Co.

Bell Telephone 193.